

# HIDE AND SEEK

## 2013

(ONE HUNDRED & SIXTEENTH YEAR)

### A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY OF QUOTATIONS FOR COMPETITION

COMPILED BY

KENNETH THORNTON

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#### **"NEMO'S ALMANAC 2013"**

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# RULES

1. The answers, with full references and with the coupon attached, must be sent in by **1<sup>st</sup> November 2013**. The envelope should be addressed to:  
**Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA**, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned, with the answer sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.

## JANUARY

(In tribute to Miss Ruth Aspinall, setter of Hide and Seek for 45 years)

I

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

II

"Tiresome girl!" muttered Mrs. Mason; "I've half a mind to keep  
her at home for plaguing me so." But, looking up, she was struck afresh  
with the remarkable beauty which Ruth possessed; such a credit to the house ....

III

The hatch is lifted and a human face

Looks down into the dim and dismal place:

The human vision sees the victim there

And human reason knows her whole despair.

A tactful hand (no paw of murderous lout,

But kind Ruth ———'s) plucks the sufferer out.

IV

Round the wondrous globe I wander wild,

Up and down-hill — Age succeeds to youth —

Toiling all in vain to find a child

Half so loving, half so dear as Ruth.

V

The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,

Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,

And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,

No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.

VI

He'll come with glory and with fire

To cast great darkness on the liar,

To burn the drunkard and the traitor,

And do His judgment on the lecher,

To glorify the spirits' faces

Of those whose ways were stony places,

Who chose with Ruth the better part;

## FEBRUARY

I

Solitary fancies go  
Short-lived wandering to and fro,  
Most like to bachelors,  
Or an ungiven maid,  
Not ancestors,  
With no posterity to make the lie afraid,  
Or keep truth undecayed

II

He spoke with feeling about his recent illness. "I have been very ill".  
Said he was now settled down in Cheyne Walk, and had one or two  
faithful dependable servants, and so on. An old man, waning,  
but with the persistent youthfulness that all old bachelors have.

III

The bachelor may risk 'is 'ide  
To 'elp you when you're downed;  
But the married man will wait beside  
Till the ambulance comes round.

IV

"You mentioned your name as if I should recognize it, but I assure  
you that, beyond obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor,  
a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

V

Now elderly men of the bachelor crew,  
With wrinkled hose  
And spectacled nose,  
Don't marry at all — You may take it as true  
If ever you do  
The step you will rue,

VI

He is very tall (about six foot high) and streight, very  
temperate, and vertuouse, and frugal : a Batcheler ;  
keepees a Coach; sojournes with his sister, the Lady Ranulagh.

## MARCH

### I

The blood red ran from the Grey Monk's side,  
His hands & feet were wounded wide,  
His body bent, his arms & knees  
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

### II

The good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him  
cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the  
line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.

### III

Bishop and abbot and prior were there;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree, —  
In sooth a goodly company;

### IV

Brothers in white, brothers in brown, passed silently along the  
sanded alleys; and when I first came out, three hooded monks  
were kneeling on the terrace at their prayers.

### V

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,  
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,  
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned  
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,  
By a few Monks, a stern society,  
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys.

### VI

Through the walls and through the fog  
We heard them passing by.  
The deafer monks thanked God too soon  
And later only I  
Could catch the sound of prowling men  
Still present in the hills  
So everybody else agreed  
To ring the abbey bells.

## APRIL

### I

we behave like our fathers and come  
Southward into a sunburnt otherwhere

Of vineyards, baroque, *la bella figura*,

To these feminine townships where men  
Are males.

### II

"Is she *simpatica* ?" (Nothing will translate that word.)

— dabbed at the sugar and said after a silence,

"Sufficiently so."

"It is a most important thing."

### III

*Ho fatto un fiasco*, which is to say,

I've made a sort of bottle of my life,

A frangible and a transparent failure.

My efforts at their best are negative:

A poor attempt not to hurt anyone,

A goal which, in the very nature of things,

Is ludicrous because impossible.

### IV

*Caffè-latte* ! I call to the waiter, — and *Non c'è latte*,

This is the answer he makes me, and this the sign of a battle.

So I sit; and truly they seem to think anyone else more

Worthy than me of attention. I wait for my milkless *nero*,

### V

I left off saying my sweet Tuscan words

Which still at any stirring of the heart

Came up to float across the English phrase

As lilies (*Bene* or *Che che*),

### VI

Polish the death-word with your handkerchief.

A spirit waltzes, falling, light as a leaf

And light and lyric as the song

Sung on the street to cure you of what's wrong

Though what you hear is what the forests cry :

'Time, soon, to leave this house, and start to die'.

*O bella libertà ! O bella!*

## MAY

I

It's hard for a girl to be sure if  
She wants to be rescued. I mean, I quite  
Took to the dragon. It's nice to be  
Liked, if you know what I mean. He was  
So nicely physical, with his claws  
And lovely green skin, and that sexy tail,

II

There he lay, a vast red-golden dragon, fast asleep; a  
thrumming came from his jaws and nostrils, and wisps of smoke,  
but his fires were low in slumber.

III

A gaping silken dragon,  
Puffed by the wind, suffices us for God.

IV

" ... hey! how! what! Captain did you write the letters  
then? — What! — am I to thank you for the elegant compilation  
of '*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*' — hey? "

V

One hand she rested on its giant shoulder  
And one upon a claw, in loving trust,  
Till from the dragon's eye, big as a boulder  
A tear thumped down upon the desert dust.

VI

You changed into that one  
Whom all the world looks at from the outside:  
The nurse's bogey and the dragon  
With scaly flanks gaped at by villagers  
Smashing the harvest with its lashing tail



## JUNE

### I

Then how do I stand?  
How can I here remake what there made me  
And makes and remakes me still?  
Set a new mark? Circumvent history?

### II

What are those words half spoken, half drawn back?  
Whence are those muffled words, some red, some black?  
Who is whispering? Who is there?

### III

What was the shell doing  
on the shore? An ear endlessly  
drinking?  
What? Sound? Silence?  
Which came first?

### IV

What did they think of before they forgot us?  
In the blink of time before they forgot us?  
The glare and whiskey of Saturday evening?  
The drone or lit of their family voices?  
The bend of a trout-stream? A fresh-made bed?  
The sound of a lathe, or the scent of sawdust?  
The mouth of a woman? A prayer? Who knows?

### V

Who cries? who mingles with the gale?  
Whose touch, so anxious and so weak, invents  
A coldness in the coldness? in this veil  
Of whirling mist what hue of clay consents?  
Can atoms intercede?

### VI

Is not sweet the rose?  
Sings not the wild bird ere to rest he goes?  
Hath not in miracle brave June returned?  
Burns not her beauty as of old it burned?

## JULY

I

"I assure you, Mr. —, Nature intended me for an Arcadian. I am thrown away in society. Cows are my passion. What I have ever sighed for, has been to retreat to a Swiss farm, And live entirely surrounded by cows — and china."

II

So muttering, he crossed the yard and entered the cowshed, where he untied the beasts from their hoot-pieces and drove them across the yard, down the muddy rutted lane that led to Nettle Flitch Field. He was enmeshed in his grief. He did not notice that —'s leg had come off and that she was managing as best she could with three.

III

Outside in the cow-house my mother  
Made the music of milking;  
The light of her stable-lamp was a star  
And the frost of Bethlehem made it twinkle.

IV

a queenly cow, with hips as big and sound  
as a department store,  
a cow the farmer milks on bended knee,  
who when she dies will feel dawn  
bending over her like lawn to wet her lips

V

It is a country on a nursery plate.  
Spotted cows revolve their jaws and crop  
Red clover or gnaw beetroot  
Bellied on a nimbus of sun-glazed buttercup.

VI

Man must say farewell  
To parents now,  
And to William Tell.  
and Mrs. Cow.

## AUGUST

I

"Justine, I have told you that I do not like the coffee touched until I come down. How can I remember who has had it, and manage about the second cups, if it is taken out of my hands? I don't know how many times I have asked you to leave it alone."

II

For I have known them all already, known them all —  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;

III

It was so cold we hoped that the coffee  
would be very hot, seeing that the sun  
was not going to warm us; and that the crumb  
would be a loaf each, buttered by a miracle.

IV

While yet her colony was new,  
Her island products but a few,  
Two shoots from off a coffee —tree  
He carried with him o'er the sea.  
Each little tender coffee slip  
He waters daily in the ship,

V

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd — it came,  
A beverage for Turks and Christians both,  
Although the way they make it's not the same.

VI

a service of Worcester porcelain, arrayed  
near it a melon, peaches, figs, small hot  
rolls in a napkin, fairy rack of toast,  
butter in ice, high silver coffee pot,

## SEPTEMBER

### I

Is it not proper cause for fright  
That what is day will soon be night?  
Evenings I flinch the selfsame way,  
For what is night will soon be day.  
At five o'clock it chills my gore  
Simply to know it isn't four.  
How Sunday into Monday melts!  
And every month is something else.

### II

"As, for proof, now : a purse of gold most resolutely  
snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on  
Tuesday morning."

### III

Look. Because my words are stern and frown  
She is somewhere wounded. She goes away. You see  
It hasn't been a good Wednesday for her. For you  
Has it been a good Wednesday? Or is yours Tuesday?

### IV

And if I loved you Wednesday,  
Well, what is that to you?  
I do not love you Thursday —  
So much is true.

### V

two telephone directories, titles  
for poems, The Advertising Biographical  
Calendar of Medicine, Wednesday 18  
Thursday 19, Friday 20, papers

### VI

Oh it's cherries and bells on Friday,  
On Sunday plums and pears,  
But pounds and jars and sevens and bars  
Means whoops up the Saturday stairs.

## OCTOBER

### I

Y was once a little yew,

Yewdy

Fewdy

Crudy

Yewdy

Growdy, grewdy

Little Yew!

### II

Happy happy time, when the white star hovers

Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,

Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,

Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.

### III

Your health, Master Yew. My bones are few

And I fully admit my rent is due,

But do not be vexed, I will postdate a cheque for you.

### IV

And thou from earth art gone

Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid –

Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave

Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,

Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

### V

The yew-tree, gloomer in churchyard. Coffins

Go under it, funereal cough.

The yewy yew thickens: a sturdy

One. Winds blow strong. It is unstirred.

### VI

Description would but tire my Muse:

In short, they both were turn'd to Yews.

## NOVEMBER

I

Came towards her hobbling,  
Flying, running, leaping,  
Puffing and blowing,  
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,  
Clucking and gobbling,  
Mopping and mowing,

II

Reelin' an' a-rockin'  
Wishin' an' a-hopin'  
Kissin' an' a-prayin'  
Lovin' an' a-layin'

III

Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound –

IV

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,

V

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning  
as a savage pitted against the wilderness,  
Bareheaded,  
Shoveling,  
Wrecking,  
Planning,  
Building, breaking, rebuilding.

VI

The Autumn Leaves they skip;  
When blasts the trees are stripping;  
Bounding, whirling,  
Sweeping, twirling,  
And in wanton  
Mazes curling,  
All are fond of skipping!

## DECEMBER

I

I'm not Arcturus who should go,  
Colossal ploughboy, whistling through  
The shocked sky ; do not let those eyes  
Hold me off in outer space.

II

When I poured it  
it had a cutting edge  
and flamed  
. like Betelgeuse.

III

Dewy are the stars against their dark cloth  
And infinitely far that star Capella  
That calls to poetry.

IV

But they had not walked far into the night  
Before they sat down weary on a bank  
Of dusty weeds to take a drink of stars.  
And eyeing one he only wished were his,  
Rigel, Bellatrix, or else Betelgeuse,  
The ex-King said, "Yon star's indifference  
Fills me with fear I'll be left to my fate: "

V

Osiris,  
the star Sirius,

relates resurrection myth  
and resurrection reality

through the ages;

VI

the moon and the earth, the sun, Saturn and Betelgeuse,  
Vega and Sirius and Altair,  
they wander their strange and different ways in heaven

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2012

### JANUARY 'Lamps'

- i. ANDREW MOTION, 'BRIGHT STAR', 7-11
- ii. EMILY BRONTE, 'JULIAN M. AND A. G. ROCHELLE', 2, 5-8
- iii. PHILIP LARKIN, 'STREET LAMPS', 9-12
- iv. JOHN BETJEMAN, 'THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY: BAKER STREET STATION BUFFET', 1-4
- v. THOMAS HARDY, 'AN AUGUST MIDNIGHT', 1-4
- vi. H. W. LONGFELLOW, 'THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE', 48-51

### FEBRUARY 'Youth'

- i. OGDEN NASH, 'TARKINGTON, THOU SHOULD'ST BE LIVING IN THIS HOUR', 7-10
- ii. JOHN CLARE, 'THE CROSS ROADS' OR 'THE HAYMAKER'S STORY', 29-32
- iii. LOUIS MacNEICE, 'AUTUMN JOURNAL', 1, 28-31
- iv. ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, 'THE PRINCESS', PROLOGUE, 100-105
- v. D. J. ENRIGHT, 'MORE MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT', 15-19
- vi. ELIZABETH JENNINGS, 'THE YOUNG ONES', 2, 5-8

### MARCH 'Stones'

- i. e.e. cummings, 'maggie and milly and molly and may', 5, 9-10
- ii. STEVIE SMITH, 'THE WARDEN', 4, 13-16
- iii. MATTHEW ARNOLD, 'DOVER BEACH', 9-13
- iv. GAVIN EWART, 'THE DELL', 6, 26-30
- v. W. B. YEATS, 'EASTER, 1916', 53-56
- vi. A. C. SWINBURNE, 'THE SEA-SWALLOWS', 7, 25-28

### APRIL 'Rain'

- i. EMILY DICKINSON, 1235, 'LIKE RAIN IT SOUNDED', 8-12
- ii. PATRICIA BEER, 'THE LETTER', 3, 7-9
- iii. ROBERT GRAVES, 'AROUND THE MOUNTAIN', 1-4
- iv. JAMES THOMSON, 'THE SEASONS : SPRING', 172 - 176
- v. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 'THE SENSITIVE PLANT', PART III, 12, 46-49
- vi. COVENTRY PATMORE, 'THE VICTORIES OF LOVE', I, XVIII, 127-130

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2012

### MAY 'Grass'

- i. W. E. HENLEY, 'BALLAD OF MIDSUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS', 2, 9-12
- ii. A. C. SWINBURNE, 'THE SUNDEW', 5, 21-25
- iii. R. S. THOMAS, 'THE MINISTER', NARRATOR, 131-134
- iv. GEORGE MEREDITH, 'TARDY SPRING', 21-24
- v. (UNIDENTIFIED)
- vi. ROBERT FROST, 'AFTER APPLE-PICKING', 9-13

### JUNE 'Flowers'

- i. JON SILKIN, 'DANDELION', 3-7
- ii. JOHN MILTON, 'LYCIDAS', 147-150
- iii. ROBERT HERRICK, 'THE PRIMROSE', 3-6
- iv. NORMAN MacCAIG, 'JULY EVENING', 4, 13-16
- v. WILFRED OWEN, 'ELEGY IN APRIL AND SEPTEMBER', 2, 4-6 (EARLY VERSION)
- vi. ROBERT BRIDGES, 'THE PALM WILLOW', 2, 7-10

### JULY 'Wasps'

- i. EDMUND BLUNDEN, 'PERCH-FISHING', 5-8
- ii. W. H. DAVIES, 'FORGIVENESS', 2, 5-8
- iii. ELIZABETH BISHOP, 'SANTAREM', 66-69
- iv. EDWARD TAYLOR, 'UPON A SPIDER CATCHING A FLY', 2, 6-10
- v. ROBERT CONQUEST, 'TO BE A PILGRIM', 7, 25-28
- vi. EDWARD THOMAS, 'TWO HOUSES', 2, 9-14

### AUGUST 'Fish'

- i. RUPERT BROOKE, 'HEAVEN', 19-24
- ii. THOMAS CAMPION, 'NEPTUNE', 5-7
- iii. DYLAN THOMAS, 'BALLAD OF THE LONG-LEGGED BAIT', 35, 137-140
- iv. W. S. GRAHAM, 'THE NIGHTFISHING', 3, 24, 185-188
- v. J. C. SQUIRE, 'UNDER', 8, 29-32
- vi. ANDREW MARVELL, 'UPON APPLETON HOUSE TO MY LORD FAIRFAX', LX, 477-480



## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2012

## MARKS LIST 2012

### SEPTEMBER 'Rooks'

- i. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, 'THE HOUSES', 2, 5-8
- ii. D. G. ROSSETTI, 'THE BRIDE'S PRELUDE', 57, 281-285
- iii. JAMES THOMSON, 'THE SEASONS : SPRING', 767-770
- iv. SYLVIA PLATH, 'BLACK ROOK IN RAINY WEATHER', 6, 26-29
- v. RALPH HODGSON, 'THE LATE, LAST ROOK', 2, 7-12
- vii. FREDERICK S. BOAS, 'THE BALLIOL ROOKS, 1885, 4, 34-37

### OCTOBER 'Defiance'

- i. G. K. CHESTERTON, 'THE STRANGE MUSIC', 4, 14-16
- ii. C. DAY LEWIS, 'THE CONFLICT', 3, 9-12
- iii. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 'ROMEO AND JULIET', V, 1, 24 (ROMEO)
- iv. JAMES ELROY FLECKER, 'DONDE ESTAN?' 1, 7-12
- v. A. E. HOUSEMAN, 'LAST POEMS III, 'HER STRONG ENCHANTMENTS FAILING', 3, 9-12
- vii. WALT WHITMAN, 'TO A FOIL'D EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONAIRE', 33-35

### NOVEMBER 'Pursuit'

- i. JOHN HEATH-STUBBS, 'TSCHAIKOWSKIAN POEM' OR 'VALSE OUBLIEE', 53-54
- ii. LORD BYRON, 'DON JUAN', CANTO I, CLXXXII, 1457-1460
- iii. JOHN MASEFIELD, 'THE EVERLASTING MERCY', 731-734
- iv. THOMAS HOOD, 'THE BANDIT', I, 146-149
- v. JOHN KEATS, 'ODE ON A GRECIAN URN', I, 8-10
- vii. SIR WALTER SCOTT, 'THE SHEPHERD'S TALE', 7, 25-28

### DECEMBER 'Homecoming'

- i. W. H. AUDEN, 'TALLER TODAY', 3, 8-11 (EARLIER VERSION, 5, 15-18)
- ii. WILLIAM MORRIS, 'THE MESSAGE OF THE MARCH WIND', 3, 9-12
- iii. LAURIE LEE, 'SUNKEN EVENING', 5, 17-20
- iv. D. G. ROSSETTI, 'SUNSET WINGS', 2, 6-10
- v. WILLIAM COWPER, 'VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK', 7, 49-52
- vi. RUTH PITTER, 'THE ESTUARY', 6, 21-24

### FIRST PRIZE

Alan Hollinghurst ..... 710

### SECOND PRIZE

Steve Osborn ..... 700

### THIRD PRIZE

Judith Neal and Adam Potheary ..... 690

Anne Polhill ..... 655

Alison Sheehan-Hunt ..... 645

Hilary Adams and Beryl Cawood ..... 635

June Walker ..... 570

P.J. Pearce ..... 555

Meryl Foster ..... 505

Tom Durham ..... 445

Florence Yarwood ..... 360

Olga Easy ..... 115

## NOTES

Of course I must begin by paying tribute to Ruth Aspinall. What an amazing record – 45 years as setter of H & S (3,240 quotations)! And before her came other Aspinalls; for all of its 115 years the competition has been Aspinall-inspired and Aspinall-run. Yet Ruth graciously accepted me as a successor, even though I confessed to her that I didn't have a drop of Aspinall blood in my veins!

Ruth, we thank you most sincerely for all of the intellectual challenge and pleasure you have given to us over the years. You have greatly increased our knowledge of, and love for, literature. You have treated the H&S crew as extended family, and we have appreciated so much your interest in us and affection for us. Love and best wishes from all of us in your "season of rest" (see December V in H & S 2012). You are sure to be thought of often this coming year as folk work at the January page, set in honour of you!

Thanks too to all who have been helping to publicise H & S, including Nigel Forde for his generous plug in the latest edition of Nemo's Almanac. Like him, I would encourage people to try both competitions, even though one of you about to do that expressed concern about being driven up two walls at once! H & S veterans may find a few of this year's quotations rather easy to identify, but I have chosen them with the new competitors in mind – I don't want them to feel discouraged at the first try. By all means let me know how you feel about the 2013 competition, especially about the number of prose quotations.

A couple of practical matters: 1. two of this year's entries reached me unsealed, though there was nothing missing as far as I could see; just remember that they don't make envelopes and glue as they did when you and I were young! Applying a piece of sellotape might be a wise precaution in future. 2. please re-read Rule no.2; and don't be shy about revealing your fantastic numeracy skills when it comes to counting lines; it's excellent cerebral exercise after all! but of course, if the quotation is from a very long poem, I shall be content if you only count lines within the canto or section in which it appears.

I do sympathise over the lack of help from libraries these days. I would commend the practice of building up your own poetry library; over time, and at not a huge cost, it's surprising how easily one can acquire a good supply of poetical works and anthologies from certain charity shops and secondhand bookshops. I would also commend an annual holiday in a place where there is a helpful resource of material. For instance, instead of traipsing off to Outer Mongolia, why not have a week in Edinburgh! There you will find a very welcoming and well-stocked Poetry Library (in a Close off Canongate; open Tuesday to Saturday) : a morning spent sightseeing, then 2 or 3 hours working at H & S to give your feet a rest, then dinner and the theatre, would seem a recipe for a very happy holiday indeed!

A very warm welcome to those who are new to the H & S family. And to all, old and new, all best wishes for a very enjoyable year of seeking.

Hide and Seek 2013 was being printed when I heard that Ruth Aspinall had died. It was too late to change the tribute paid to her in the booklet, which I wrote thinking that she would read it and see in what affection we all held her. Sadly, that was not to be. Ruth died, aged 90, on Tuesday, 13<sup>th</sup> November. Her funeral will be held in St. Elwyn's Church, Hayle, Cornwall on Thursday, 29<sup>th</sup> November. On behalf of all of us in the Hide and Seek family, I have sent a card of condolence to Ruth's family and friends, and have ordered a floral tribute, on the card of which will be the words: IN LOVING MEMORY OF RUTH ASPINALL FROM ALL HER HIDE AND SEEK FAMILY. "A SEASON OF REST". (Those who worked at last year's H & S will know that the final words are from her quotation from William Cowper). We give thanks for her life.

138, Raberney Street,  
Liverpool G70 6EX  
16.02.13

Dear T. B.

No, H&S is not extinct! Internet geeks may think that it has a dinosaur-like nature, but it lives on, and is in reasonably rude health. This is the sixty-first copy which I have sent out; so there are obviously still those who enjoy the search. I hope that you will enjoy working at it — many thanks for your order, and for the £2 donation to the "H&S pot". The note above, and the notes in the booklet, will explain how and why I have taken on the job of compiling it. All best wishes.

Yours sincerely,  
Hymneth